THE Numb. 48

VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices, Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Friday, June 24, to Friday, July 1, 1737.

Mr. *Parks*,

I Deſire the Favour of you to give the following Epiſtle a Place in your next Paper, and you'll oblige

Your well-wither, and
humble Servant,
H. P.

Ad utrœſque caſus ſapiens aptus eſt; bonorum rector, malorum victor. In ſecundis non confidit, in adverſis non deſicit. Nec avidus periculi, nec fugax; proſperitatem non expectans, ad utrumque paratus, adverſus utramque intrepidus; nec illius tumultu, nec hujus ſalgore percuſſus.

Seneca.

AS there is no Man of Honour above acknowledging a Civility, by the ſame Rule and Principle, no Man of Spirit will ſuffer himſelf to be ill us'd; I declare to all the World, that I have been, and am at preſent, obliged to the Chief of the Gentlemen in this Country, for the Countenance and Reſpect they have ſhewn me, ever ſince I came amongſt them; nor have I Vanity enough to claim it from any Merit of my own, but impute it to a natural Proneneſs to Hoſpitality, a Greatneſs of Mind, a generous Diſpoſition, like the *Sun*, whoſe Rays are diffuſive without Partiality. They have, in all Reſpects, executed their Part, and I have done my Endeavour, to fulfil mine.

From *June* 1734, to *June* 1737, I believe, I may venture to ſay, I have had as many Patients as any one Man of my Profeſſion ever had in this Colony; and as many different Subjects: I may likewiſe venture to ſay, without any Injuſtice to the World, that I have had as much Succeſs. Give me Leave then to embrace this Opportunity, to return my Thanks in the moſt public Manner, for the Favours conferred upon me; and at the ſame Time, to ſet forth the ill Treatment I have met with, from People of a meaner Rank, and thoſe who call themſelves my Countrymen.

Firſt, then let me appeal to every County that hath employ'd me: Have I ever loyter'd my Time when ſent for, by Day or by Night, hail, rain, or ſhine? --- Have I preferred my Pleaſures to my Buſineſs? ---- Have I ever omitted going to the Poor? ---- Have I neglected a Patient, and not given him true Attendance? --- Have I diſtreſs'd any Man? --- Have I defrauded any Man? --- Have I mortgaged my Eſtate, or collected my Fees, and refus'd to pay my juſt Debts? ---- Have I not been open in my Practice? --- Have I exhibited any Medicine but to the Poor? *And that God hath given a Bleſſing to:* And as long as I have Life, and am able, let me be in whatſoever Corner of the Earth the Great God ſhall place me, the Poor and Needy ſhall be welcome to me.

As to Defamation and Scandal, I value it not; let a Man refreſh his Memory with Antiquity, and he'll find the beſt and braveſt Men have been liable to Calamity, and Diſgrace. *Ariſtides*, *Themiſtocles*, *Phocian*, and *Socrates* have wore this Mark of Diſtinction: Nay, it was the uſual Reward which the People beſtow'd upon thoſe that had done them the beſt Service. And as to the Calumny thrown upon me, let them go on, let it be as black as Malice can invent, it ſhall give me no further Pain.

The Reverſe of Truth hath a Hundred Thouſand ſeveral Shapes, and the Space it ranges in is infinite; a Man of Integrity is always liable to be deceived, becauſe he hath the ſame Opinion of others as he hath of himſelf. I find Innocence to be the ſlighteſt Armour a Man can wear, but notwithſtanding I ſhall ever be of the Opinion, *That Honeſty is the beſt Policy*; however, I'll not repine, but endeavour to make a Virtue of Neceſſity.

Non eſt aliud effugium neceſſitatis, quam velle quod ipſa cogat.

And now give me Leave to appeal to the whole Race of Mankind, if it can be thought juſtifiable, when a Man is about his Lawful Occaſion, and far from his Habitation, if every Debt, Small, or Great, he hath contracted, be allowed a ſufficient *Plea* for a Juſtice of Peace, to grant an Attachment upon his Goods and Chattles; if that's the Caſe! what Man is ſafe? Such Proceedings muſt appear to the World, as if there was an Intenſeneſs of Thought, labouring to do me a Prejudice. But I will not trouble my Readers with a long Detail of my Ill-Uſage, but be as brief as poſſible: Therefore, I make a general Appeal to that ſanguine Torrent, that flows in ſo voratious a Manner to ſwallow me up. ---- Have I acted the Part of a Villain to any one of you? Let the moſt Partial Enemy I have among you, lay his Hand upon his Heart, and then give his Sentiments; let him do it in the moſt Public Manner to the Face of the Earth. If they find they cannot accuſe me, let them ſtop their Courſe; and the moſt agreeable Satisfaction they can make me, is to repent to the All-gracious God, which will be a ſufficient Reward to the moſt injur'd,

H. Potter.

OF all the Subjects of *modern Poetry*, none has been more frequently wrote upon than the *Wiſh*; for on this Theme, every one has the Liberty of indulging himſelf to the Height of Happineſs, and loſe himſelf for ſome Time in the Extacies of imaginary Bliſs: It is amuſing to ſee, tho' the Topic is the ſame, with what Variety it is treated; and, according to the different Humour of the Writers, what a different Notion of Pleaſure they entertain. The general Turn of Mind through all, I obſerve, is rural, yet there ſeems to be too much Solitude and too much Reſerve in ſome to be natural; and too many ſocial Cups and balmy Kiſſes in others to conſtitute the real Happineſs of a wiſe Man: But the Author of the following Poem has laid down a Scheme of Life with ſo elegant a Taſte and refin'd a Judgment, that there is in it all the Happineſs the Man of *Pleaſure* could wiſh, and nothing more than what the moſt rigid *Philoſopher* might enjoy; his Religion and Humanity are affecting, and in his Choice of Books he gives a juſt Character of ſome favourite Authors: His *Evening Bowl* and *Soothing Song* ſhews the open Heart, and nothing can excel his little *Family Picture*, unleſs his laſt *Wiſh* of giving up his laſt *Breath*.

The

The WISH.

WOU'D *Heaven* propitious with my *Wiſh* comply,
Thus wou'd I chuſe to live, and thus to die;
Freed from Dependance, and the Toils of Trade,
My Seat ſhou'd riſe amid the rural Shade;
Where aged Oaks at equal Diſtance riſe,
Lift high their waving Heads, and fan the Skies;
Or ruſtling ſolemn with the Evening Breeze,
With ſacred Sound and awful Horror pleaſe:
Through theſe green Walks, rich in the cooling Gale,
And vernal Show'r, ſhou'd ope the far ſtretch'd Vale,
Whilſt the kind *Naiad* from the neighb'ring Hill,
Pours from her copious Urn the limpid Rill:
Edg'd by a Grove, ſhou'd roll the gentle Flood,
And its clear Bolom wave th' inverted Wood;
Gay through the Streams the Flow'rs reflected ſpread,
In milder Glory, and in ſofter Shade:
Thence through my Walks, in vary'd Forms ſhou'd ſtray,
Glide a Canal, or in a Fountain play;
Deſcend the glaſſy Slope with ſilent Fall,
And glitter to the Sight a Chryſtal Wall;
Or o'er the Rock, by Nature's Chiſſel made,
Bound, foam, and thunder in a loud Caſcade;
A deep vaſt Concave drinks the roaring Flood,
And ſtreams it gently to the thirſty Wood:
There, where the Trees form high th'embow'ring Shade,
For ſerious Thought and Contemplation made,
My favourite Dome ſhou'd raiſe its tow'ring Head,
Grac'd with the Labours of the famous Dead:
Here from the World, and all its Cares retir'd,
By Wiſdom, and the Love of Truth inſpir'd,
I'd oft retreat: Here *Pope*, in tuneful Lay
Shou'd ſacred Truths in ſofteſt Sounds convey:
Here *Thompſon*'s Page, to all the *Muſes* dear,
With juſt Deſcription charm the raviſh'd Ear;
With him I'd Nature's ev'ry Shape admire,
Glow at her Charms, and at her Beauty fire.
Nature, ſtill eaſy to be underſtood!
Supremely fair! and ſovereignly good!
Still ſmiles the God upon thy lovely Face,
With boundleſs Beauty and through endleſs Space;
On *Newton*'s Wing I'd dare ſublimer Flight,
From Star to Star direct my trembling Sight;
View Worlds round Worlds, Syſtems round Syſtems turn,
Orbs that now freeze, and now intenſely burn.
Harmonick all! nor ſhall my wond'ring Soul
Forget t'adore the Genius of the Whole,
Who can with equal Eaſe theſe Worlds compoſe,
As blue the Violet, or as bluſh the Roſe.
Now moral Truth in artleſs Splendor bright,
And all enliv'ning opens to my Sight;
In *Recleſion* ſhe darts reſiſtleſs Rays,
In ſocial *Balzac* every Charm diſplays;
By piercing *Clark* unveil'd, her lovely Face,
Courts with a Smile, and wears a winning Grace,
Shews us the Road to Happineſs and Reſt,
And but commands us to be truly bleſt;
Taught by his Page, we pitying view the Fool,
To pleaſe his God, who ſcorns his darling Rule:
Reaſon thy Light divine, and God belov'd!
His every Action by thy Law approv'd:
Theſe ſhou'd inſtruct me, and my Soul improve,
And lift me nearer to the God I love;
Thou ſole Supreme! alike by whoſe Controul
The Riv'let murmurs, and the Thunders roll:
Teach me thyſelf! deign to direct my Choice,
Teach me to know thy never ſilent Voice;
Safe by thy Light to ſteer thro' giddy Youth,
To Life's laſt Verge along the Stream of Truth;
From Reaſons Rules, O! never let me ſtray,
Nor for blind Fancy leave her rightful Sway;
By her approv'd, Peace fills the human Breaſt,
Amidſt the Storms of Life ſecurely bleſt;
No furious Zeal her ſocial Sons inſpire,
She burns a ſteady, bright, and laſting Fire.
Yet not by Books, or Thoughts ſevere engroſt,
Wou'd I to every other Joy be loſt;
The Morn ſhou'd ſee me at her earlieſt Dawn,
Cheer the gay Dogs along the Dew-ſpread Lawn;
Impell the Chaſe, purſue the flying Hare,
And drink deep cooling Draughts of liteful Air:
This Life redoubles, hence the Studious find
Strength to the Nerves and Vigour to the Mind,
Return with keener Taſte the Joys to prove
Of calm Philoſophy and bliſsful Love;
This bids the Bloom in briſker Currents flow,
Beat ſtrong the Heart and every Fibre glow.
But far remov'd be thoſe who count for Joys,
The midnight Revel and the brutal Noiſe;
The impious Jeſt, pain to the virtuous Ear,
Nor Tale obſcene, nor ſenſeleſs Pun be here;
My Houſe ſhou'd worthier Entertainment know,
Approv'd by Virtue every Thought ſhou'd flow;
Not Virtue dreſt to fright you from her Arms,
But all inviting, in gay Pleaſure's Charms,
That not forbids, unbending to the Soul,
The Glaſs to ſparkle, or to ſwell the Bowl;
The temperate Jeſt with ſocial Freedom crown'd,
The ſoothing Song, or Muſicks charming Sound,
With juſt Reſtraint to pleaſe each Senſe allows,
And only bids us what is Pain refuſe.
To fill my Joys and crown the Sweets of Life,
Grant me, kind Heaven, a fair and virtuous Wife;
Like dear *Amanda*, who to blooming Youth,
And brighteſt Beauty, adds engaging Truth,
Witty, good-natur'd, ever prompt to pleaſe,
To think with Judgment, and converſe with Eaſe;
Me ſhe ſhou'd love, with as ſincere Deſire
As Angels feel, and heavenly Forms inſpire;
So pleas'd to pleaſe, and to diſſent ſo loth,
One Soul ſhou'd ſeem to animate us both;
With her converſing every Care wou'd fly,
And Life be more than Life when ſhe was by.
If Heaven ſo deign'd, to crown the Nuptial Joys,
A Brace of beauteous Girls and lovely Boys
Shou'd ſmile around, and in each infant Face,
More ſoft, more bright, bloom the Parental Grace;
Nor than their Faces, be their Minds leſs fair,
Theſe to adorn how pleaſing is the Care;
To teach how dear, delighting is the Taſk,
When Infant Innocence and Nature aſk;
To ſee the grateful Soil not vain impreſt,
And Virtue ripen in the youthful Breaſt;
What Joy to view it, open all humane
Delight to bleſs and melt at others Pain,
Benevolent and kind; thus let me live,
And ever grateful thus thy Gifts receive;
All bounteous God! nor for my ſelf alone
Let me thus live; but to the Poor well known
Be my large Stores; for them ſhou'd freely bleed
The fatted Ox, and ſpring the bearded Seed;
Their Lowns ſhou'd bleſs me for the warming Fleece,
Their pleaded Cauſe, their Property and Peace:
Thus bleſt, unenvy'd, and to Courts unknown,
The Vale of Life I'd glide ſerenely down,
With grateful Thanks reſign my latent Breath,
Nor ſlow, nor painful, paſs the Gulph of Death!

London, March 3. This Day fortnight, a Perſon on Horſeback, well dreſſed, came to the Country Houſe of Mr. *Ralph Maſon*, with a Letter as from his Brother, ſaying, *That he was charged to deliver it into his own Hand*: He was immediatey conducted to the Gentleman's Chamber, who was very ill of the Gout, and the Servant was not gone far out of the Room, but he preſented a Piſtol to the Gentleman, and demanded of him 20 Guineas: but he having no more than Six at Hand, the Rogue took them, went out immediately and mounted his Horſe, which the Gentleman's Servant held ready for him, and made off. The Servant knowing nothing of the Matter, as ſoon as the Gueſt was gone, he went into his Maſter's Room; but the Rogue was too well mounted, and far gone, to be purſued. He was a young Man about 24, freſh complexioned, had on a brown Cloth Colour Coat, blue Silk faced Waſtecoat, of a Gentleman-like Behaviour, and was mounted on a dark Gelding.

London, March 5. On Thurſday laſt, a large Body of Coffee Men, of the Cities of *London*, and *Weſtminſter*,

ſer, waited on the Right Hon. Sir *Robert Walpole*, deſiring his Aſſiſtance in the Houſe of Commons, for Relief in the Act againſt Spirituous Liquors.

We hear that Mr. *Grainger*, the Writing Maſter, in Great James-Street, near Ormond-Street, continues to teach Perſons of Eight Years of Age, or upwards, to write a good legible Hand in Three Days, attending the whole Day, or in One Month at an Hour each Day, at Home or Abroad.

March 5. We hear that ſeveral eminent Merchants are ſoliciting the Recall of a certain *Weſt-India Governor*, who, by fitting out ſeveral Ships at his own Charge, againſt the *French*, has furniſhed that Nation with a Pretence for diſturbing our Trade in *America*.

We hear that Two Independant Companies will ſpeedily be ſent to *Georgia*, in order to be garriſoned there, to protect the Inhabitants from any Inſults whatever.

London, *March* 7. They write from Petersbourg, that her Czariſh Majeſty, for juſt and important Reaſons, had been obliged to ſhew her Diſpleaſure againſt the Family of Gallarzin, who have long ſerved the Crown of Ruſſia. Accordingly the Council paſſed Sentence the 18th Inſtant upon them, by which Prince Demetrius Michaelowitz Gallarzin is condemned to Baniſhment in his extream old Age; Prince Michael his Brother, Vice Preſident of the Admiralty, is ordered to retire from Court, and repair to the black Sea; Two other Princes of the Houſes of Gallarzin, one of which was formerly Ambaſſador in Perſia, and the other Preſident of the Chamber of Juſtice at Moſcow, are alſo ſent into Exile, into the remoteſt Parts of the Kingdom. It is ſaid, that whatever are the Crimes of theſe unfortunate Princes, which however are not yet made Publick, they are of ſuch a Nature, that her Majeſty could not indulge the leaſt Degree of Clemency towards them, according to her natural Temper.

March 8. We have an Account from Stower-Bridge, in Worceſterſhire, that an eminent Surgeon in that Town, was bit by a mad Dog, about 14 Days ſince; and on Wedneſday the ſaid Gentleman died raving mad.

March 10. His Majeſty will drink the Pyrmont Waters in May next, and as we hear, at Hampton Court Palace.

And that the Princeſs of Orange will viſit this Kingdom in the Month of July.

Friday laſt, the Widow of the late Col. *Cosby*, Governor of *New-York*, Siſter to the Earl of Halifax, waited on her Majeſty at *Kenſington*, on her Arrival from that Colony, and met with a moſt gracious Reception; being introduced by her Grace the Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle.

March 22. They write from *Gibraltar*, That *Muley Hamet Lariba*, King of *Morocco*, being inform'd that his Predeceſſor *Muley Abdallah*, was on the March again with his Army towards *Mequinez*, is retired nobody knows whither, and that they are all in the utmoſt Confuſion at St. *Croix*, in *Barbary*, by Reaſon of the frequent Incurſions of the Mountaineers, who plunder and deſtroy every Thing in their Way.

Theſe Letters add, That they have had no Rain in that Country all this Winter, which has made Proviſions ſo dear, that the *Barbarians* have appointed frequent Days of Faſting, to obtain from Heaven a Change of Weather.

A curious fine Monument is now finiſh'd by Mr. *Rysbrack*, in *Oxford Road*, and ſpeedily will be erected in the Church at *Cheſterfield*, in *Derbyſhire*; on which is the following Inſcription:

To the Memory of Sir *Gilbert Heathcote*, Knt. and Bart. a Perſon of great natural Endowments improv'd by long Experience: Ready to Apprehend, Slow to Determine, Reſolute to Act, A zealous Friend to the Rights and Liberties of Mankind. In Offices of Power and Truſt, True to his own and Country's Honour. A great Inſtrument in founding and governing the Bank of *England*. In the Year 1711, was Lord Mayor of *London*; which City he govern'd with Courage and Temper, after having repreſented it in Four ſucceſſive Parliaments, with Dignity and Integrity.

A kind Landlord, a ſteady Friend, an Affectionate Relation:

In his Character unblemiſhed,
In his extenſive Trade without a Law-Suit.

Sir *Gilbert Heathcote*, born at *Cheſterfield*, in *Derbyſhire*, married *Heſter*, Daughter of *Chriſtopher Rayner*, of *London*, Merchant; died *Jan.* 25, 1732-3. Ætat. 82. Left Iſſues, Sir *John Heathcote*; *Anne*, married to Sir *Jacob Jacobſon*, of *London*, Knt. *Elizabeth*, married to *Sigiſmund Trafford*, of *Lincolnſhire*, Eſq; Had Six younger Brothers, eminent Merchants, happy in his Friendſhip.

To the Publiſher of the LONDON EVENING-POST.

SIR,

I beg the Favour you will publiſh in your next Paper the following Acknowledgment of my paſt Errors, and Promiſe of Amendment, viz.

WHEREAS I *Sylvanus Urban, of St. John's Gate, Author*, having no Regard for Truth, and believing my Readers to be much more ignorant than I find ſome of them are, have ſeveral Times moſt ſcandalouſly prophan'd the Works of learned Men, by intermixing them with my own Trash in my *Magazine*, and calling them *Original Letters* from my learned and ingenious Correſpondents; particularly the Letter in my *Magazine* for *May* laſt, upon a particular Providence, ſign'd W. J. which I wickedly impos'd upon my *Cuſtomers* (I believe I ſhould rather ſay, *Patients*,) for an *Original Letter*, tho' every Sentence of it was ſtolen from *Archbiſhop Tillotſon*, and other Authors upon that Subject; and the Letter from *Sharke Wealthy*, which I alſo gave out, in my *Title Page*, for laſt *January*, to be an *Original*, tho' the ſame was ſtolen from the *Spectator*, Vol. 7. N°. 584.

Cum multums aliums quam none perſcarbere Longus.

For all which Offences I humbly ask Pardon of ſuch of *my Readers* as have diſcovered the Cheat, who, I believe are but few; and as I have purchas'd the *fine Library*, recommended in the *London Evening-Poſt*, of the 3d Inſtant. (*See Virginia Gazette*, N°. 44.) I am in all Probability, furniſh'd with a ſufficient Number of what I may venture to call *Originals*, for ſupplying *my Magazine* as long as it is likely to ſubſiſt; therefore I hereby promiſe, for the future, not to publiſh any pretended *Original Letters, or Poems*, but ſuch as I purloin from ancient Authors who were never heard of, nor will ever be read by any but thoſe, who, to their own immortal Honour, do me the Favour of being my *Cuſtomers*.

Sir, I would have waited on you in Perſon, to have deſir'd the Favour of publiſhing this in your next, but *my Coach* is now employ'd, and will be for ſeveral Weeks to come, in removing the abovemention'd *Library*, therefore I hope you will excuſe my ſending this by one of my *ingenious* Correſpondents, who is generally employ'd by me and moſt others in this Neighbourhood as a Porter, when his Time is not taken up in writing *Original Letters*, for the Inſtruction of my *curious Readers*.

I am SIR,
Your moſt oblig'd,
Humble Servant,
SYLVANUS URBAN.

St. John's Gate,
March 13, 1736-7.

By the Ship --------, *Capt.* Andrew Giles, *from* Glaſcow, *which arriv'd in* James *River this Week; and by a Brigantine, belonging to Col.* John Lewis, *which arriv'd in* York *River, laſt Night, from* London, *we have the following Advices:*

WE hear that M. Chauvelin will be baniſh'd to Nevers; a Footman of his, who went about in Diſguiſe, upon ſome miſchievous Errand, was taken up.

The laſt Accounts from Amſterdam intimate, That the Lord Theodore, of Corſica, (who was there, purchaſing Warlike Stores) was arreſted for 1500 l. Sterling; but being claim'd by the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, and bail'd by a rich Jew, was ſet at Liberty; the Genoeſe Miniſter

wou'd

wou'd fain have him taken up again, being at the Head of a Rebellion againſt his Countrymen; but the States-General would not ſuffer it.

The Corſican Rebels increaſe every Day, in Power and Number; being Maſters of the Country, they ſtreighten vaſtly the Genoeſe Garriſons, and gain frequent Advantages over them.

The Grand Seignior now conſents to give up Aſoph; but the Chriſtian Powers, regardleſs of his Condeſcenſion, do not in the leaſt ſlacken their Preparations. The Venetians propoſe to attack Albania and Morea; and to ſend a Fleet with ſome Troops, to ſeize upon Candia, which they may eaſily do, becauſe it is quite defenceleſs.

London, April 2. Yeſterday the Lord Provoſt of Edinburg, for Misbehaviour in his Office, at the Riot, and Murder of Capt. Porteous, was order'd into Cuſtody of the Gentleman Uſher of the Black Rod.

We hear the Nether-Bow Gate at Edinburgh will be demoliſh'd, the City Guard ſet aſide, and the Lord Provoſt render'd incapable of ſerving under the Government; for which Purpoſe, a Bill is now depending in Parliament.

This Morning his Grace the Duke of Bedford was married to the Hon. Miſs Leviſon Gower, Daughter to the Right Hon. the Lord Gower.

On Thurſday died the Right Hon. the Earl of Angleſea, at his Houſe in St. James's.

London, April 12. We hear there will be a Lottery at 10 l. per Ticket, the Blanks to be render'd worth 7 l. 10 s. each; and Horſeing to be allowed in the Alley, under certain Reſtrictions; and that there will be a Bridge at Weſtminſter.

London, April 23. Yeſterday Morning an Expreſs arrived at the Duke of Newcaſtle's Office and the Admiralty, with the agreeable News, That Sir John Norris arriv'd on Sunday laſt at St. Hellens, with the Fleet under his Command, viz. the Britannia, Defiance, Captain, Centurion, Berwick, Sunderland, Dreadnought, Leopard, Pembroke, Rippon, Swallow, Griffin, a Fire Ship, a Hoſpital Ship, and a Store Ship. Where-ever our Fleet goes, the very Appearance only of them, anſwers the End for which they were ſent; and the Service they have done to Portugal, will, no doubt, on all Occaſions, be gratefully acknowledged by that Crown. 'Tis ſaid, Sir John Norris brought ſeveral rich Preſents from their Portugueſe Majeſties, to their Majeſties, and the Royal Family.

When Sir John Norris was taking his Leave of the Court of Lisbon, his Portugueſe Majeſty aſſured him, *That he ſhould for ever with Gratitude remember the friendly Offices of the King of* Great-Britain, *in the Time of Danger and Neceſſity; and that the* Britiſh *Subjects ſhould enjoy the ſame Privileges all over the Territories of Portugal, whether in Europe or in America, as the Portugueſe themſelves do.*

'Tis generally believ'd, this Fleet will be ſent to the Weſt-Indies, upon a ſecret Expedition.

Yeſterday the Commons, in a Committee of the whole Houſe, came to a Reſolution to encourage the Importation of Iron Bars, from the Plantations.

Yeſterday the Lords ſent a Meſſage to the Commons, deſiring that Duncan Forbes, Eſq; the King's Advocate, Charles Areskine, Eſq; Soliciter General, for Scotland, and John Drummond, Eſq; do attend the Houſe when required, touching the Proceedings on the Tryal of Capt. Porteous.

The Lords this Day went upon the Conſideration of Capt. Porteous's Trial; and we hear the Biſhop of Salisbury inſiſted upon it, that the Lords who tried him, ought to have permitted him to have gone into the Proof of that Defence he propoſed; and for what by law by the Trial, the Lords of Juſticiary might as well have committed and tried the Hangman, for hanging Wilſon, as convicted Porteous of Murder.

His Majeſty, as Elector of Hanover, is to appoint a Biſhop of Osnaburgh, in the Room of the laſt, who was a Roman Catholick, and elected by the Emperor; ſo that the Right of Nomination is now in his Majeſty, as being by Turns in the Empire, and in his Majeſty's Gift. 'Tis ſaid that the Choice will fall on his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Cumberland, or the Prince of Orange; a Layman being capable of executing the Office.

Williamsburg, July 1. This Day *Benjamin Milwood*, who receiv'd Sentence of Death at the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for Felony and Burglary, was executed.

We hear, there is to be Horſe Racing every Saturday till October, at the Race Ground near this City.

Capt. Whiting, and Capt. Whiteſide, are ſail'd from York River, for London, ſince our laſt; as is alſo Capt. Ludlow, for Briſtol.

The Hon. William Randolph, *Eſq; one of His Majeſty's Council of this Colony, embark'd this Week, on board the Ship Amy, Capt. Newham, in* James *River, for England, whither he goes for the Recovery of his Health.*

Laſt Night arriv'd in York *River, from Guinea, the Brice Galley, Capt. Saunders, with Negroes, conſign'd to Col. Braxton.*

Mr. *Parks*,

I Have your *Gazette* N°. 46, wherein it appears, that Col. *Spotſwood* has perſonated a Child, in copying a *Fable* for an Anſwer to my *Hint*, in N°. 58; and he has done it ſo much to the Life, that none but Children will make the Compariſon in his Favour; for it is Col. *Spotſwood* that was ſo hardy as to Bray againſt the Burgeſſes, with hopes they wou'd not be ſo ſevere, as to exert their Power againſt him, as may be ſeen in *Gazette* N°. 14; and all impartial Men will compare the Houſe of Burgeſſes to the *Lion*, in the Fable, who are ſtronger in Power than any ſingle Subject in the Colony. As a Man of Parts may be impaired, and juſtly compared to a Child; ſo he that was as cunning as a *Fox*, may now be as fooliſh as an *Aſs*. Pray inſert this in your next Paper, and you will oblige

Sir, Your humble Servant,

EDWIN CONWAY.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALL Perſons that have any Demands on the Subſcriber, are deſired forthwith to bring in their Accounts to him, at his Houſe in Williamsburg, *in order to their being ſatisfy'd. And all Perſons that are indebted to him, are alſo deſired forthwith to diſcharge the ſame, to prevent further Trouble.*

Henry Potter.

SIX Hundred Acres of Land, with a good Apple Orchard, of choice graſted Fruit, a good Dwelling-Houſe, 25 by 30, with a Brick Chimney and a Cellar, Two large Barns, 40 by 20, with ſeveral other convenient Houſes, lying in Prince George *County, on* Sappony *Creek, are to be ſold by*

Drury Stith.

THIS is to give Notice, That the Subſcriber will attend at Mrs. Packe's, *in* Williamsburg, *the Week before next* October *General Court, to meet all Perſons who have Buſineſs with him. And as he expects by that Time, his* Abridgment *will be ready to be delivered to the Subſcribers, he will take it as a Favour of ſuch as have an Opportunity, to receive them there, as it will ſave the Expence of ſending ſo many to the ſeveral Counties.*

John Mercer.

To be SOLD, for Money, Bills, or Tobacco,

A Tract of very good Land, containing 700 *Acres, lying near Mr.* Charles Moreman's, *in* Hanover *County, with convenient Houſes for a Plantation.*

Alſo another Tract of Land, containing 2000 *Acres, lying on* Broad-Creek, *near Capt.* Clark's, *in* Hanover *County, with convenient Houſes thereon; to be ſold entire, or in Parcels. Enquire of Capt.* Thomas Danſie.

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